

THE HERITAGE OF CAIN

A GREAT BIG THRILLING STORY

BY ISABEL OSTRANDER

You Can Begin This
Great Story Today
By Reading This
First

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

At the Adirondack lodge of Dyrast Van Rensselaer and his wife, Victoria, a murder was committed. Victoria's brother, Mudge, a divorcee, and Lucille Goodell, a student of hereditary, and the daughter of a criminal, were the only persons on earth who would benefit by the death of her cousin, and when they discovered her absence during the vital time and your inability or unwillingness to establish an alibi for yourself matters may go badly with you, indeed.

Paul Hildreth set his jaw resolutely, but his face paled. "I understand," he answered. "It is unfortunate, but I cannot speak. You must proceed with your investigation in your own manner. I must earnestly entreat that you do not seek to discover what I have been compelled to decline to tell you. If you do, Mr. York, you will bring serious and undesired trouble on a totally innocent person."

His voice trembled as he spoke, and his tones took on a deeper quality, more surcharged with emotion. "I know nothing of the murder save the bare fact that it was committed, and who had absolutely no connection with it."

"If that is so," York objected, "what harm can my knowledge of your whereabouts bring to this person?"

"An incalculable harm," urged Paul Hildreth. "I cannot explain further than to repeat that it is because of another matter completely extraneous to the investigation you are conducting. You must believe this. No one wishes more fervently than I that the murderer of Victoria Rensselaer should be brought to speedy justice. No one held her in more affection than I."

"She was a tiny child when I first saw her, and she visited at our house at short intervals after that until her marriage."

"She was born in or near Boston, was she not?"

"No."

A shade of perplexed thought passed over the other man's face.

"I was a tiny boy at the time—fifteen or thereabouts—and I don't remember exactly, but Mrs. Biscow, who was then a condition as she should have been—her husband put a substitute clerkman in his pulpit for a few months and took her up in the mountains, somewhere in New Hampshire, I think."

"Anyway, it was here that Victoria was born. I remember that much because my mother was very much hurt that Mrs. Biscow, who was her niece, you know—the daughter of her husband's brother, Cornelius—would not come to her for the time being. Her birth. But Cousin Mary wouldn't even let her be with her when the time came, and my mother took umbrage at that, and thought it was on account of the money."

Paul Hildreth looked slightly and added: "It was the money you meant when you spoke of a possible motive just now, was it not?"

"It is, as you say, totally unconnected with the murder of Mrs. Van Rensselaer. I need not tell you whatever disclosures you make to me will be strictly confidential."

"I remain silent," York said slowly. "I am sorry," he reiterated. "I cannot tell you, Mr. York. I am compelled to remain silent."

"That is absolutely your last word on the matter, Mr. Hildreth?"

"Absolutely my last word."

Now Read On

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

THE doorbell rang almost on the instant, and Williams entered.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"What name, Williams?"

"He didn't give me any name, sir."

"You know my rule, Williams; but—"

The gentleman when he appeared looked very much as Mrs. Ashley had described him, save that even now his slender figure seemed to be younger than the forty-four or forty-five years she had ascribed to him.

He was slender, with a high forehead, with bright, dark eyes, a short black mustache and close-cropped, pointed beard.

He advanced resolutely into the room, having more the manner of confronting York than of diffidently seeking to call on him.

"Mr. York," he began with dignity, although his eyes flashed significantly. "I did not send in my name to you because I was aware that your emissary had already apprised you of my coming."

"You are quite right, Mr. Hildreth," returned York with equal dignity and equanimity. "Welcome, you sit down."

"Thank you. I have known for the last twenty-four hours that you were the subject of the latest espionage. Since I cannot but conclude that this surveillance is connected in some way with the tragic death of my unfortunate cousin, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, and since I know you to be the detective in charge of the case of my cousin's slayer, I have come to you for an explanation."

"Why do you not go to the police?" asked York quietly.

"Your question is trivial, Mr. York. The man put upon my trail is clever, but inexperienced. I had no difficulty in turning the tables on him and following him here. He is a poor creature."

"I apologize in that case," York answered with a half smile.

"An apology is not in order," York replied. "My apology was for the fault of not estimating sufficiently highly the cleverness of the gentleman who was here to assure me of my subordinate."

Paul Hildreth started to his feet in indignation, but York, leaning forward suddenly, seriously, and said with grave intensity:

"Mr. Hildreth, if you will answer one question fully and truthfully for me, I will promise you that all annoyance shall cease for you from this instant."

One question? "Why did you not come to me at once, Mr. York?"

"I could, but you in possession of any knowledge at my command to assist you in your search for the dastardly murderer of my poor cousin."

"I am glad to have your assurance of that, Mr. Hildreth," replied York, sitting back as if convinced, but watching the other man narrowly through his half-closed lids.

"Will you tell me where you were on Monday and Tuesday of this week?"

Paul Hildreth gave an uncontrollable start and walked to the window, where he stood for a full minute, gazing out into the blackness of the night.

At length he wheeled about and came frankly up to York, the resentment gone from his face, and in its place no trace of fear, but instead a look of dogged determination.

"I'm sorry, Mr. York," he spoke, with quiet decision.

"I understand now in part your attitude in this matter, but I cannot help you. My investigation is complete, and you are on a completely wrong track. You would not carry any weight with me, I am convinced. I cannot explain my absence from the city—from my club and my broker's office and all my usual haunts—on Monday or Tuesday, nor can I give you any information as to my whereabouts during that time."

"Will you accept my word of honor that my reluctance is not connected with anything connected with my cousin or her death, but by an entirely extraneous matter? I have not met her for years, and she met me only once, and that the whole terrible affair is incomprehensible to me as it is to all her family. That is all I can say. I will gladly, eagerly give you any information in my power, but that concerning which you have asked I must remain silent."

"I am sorry," replied York simply. "You must see, Mr. Hildreth, the position in which you place yourself by this attitude. I would gladly accept your word and any question you may fire, but there are others who will ask it of you, and that in the near future, whom you will not find it easy to deny."

Paul Hildreth remained silent, but he nervously fingered the gray suede gloves he carried, and his hands were bone dry.

"When the police realize that they are

up against a blank wall in their search for the missing witness—this servant who disappeared just before Mrs. Van Rensselaer's body was discovered—they will turn their attention to the search for a possible motive.

"They will," I fear, descend upon you as the only person on earth who would benefit by the death of your cousin, and when they discover your absence during the vital time and your inability or unwillingness to establish an alibi for yourself matters may go badly with you, indeed."

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the long room. He caught a glimpse of Mrs. Goodall, crouched over in her chair convulsed with sobs, and of Mrs. Ashley's white, strained face.

Bertram Goodall and Philip Merriman were standing together a little apart, and nodded somberly to him. Then he saw Dyrast Van Rensselaer. As he was to evidence of grief and tragedy, York could scarcely restrain the impulse to exclaim aloud at the fearful ravages the last few days had wrought in the bereaved and despair-ridden man.

New lines and hollows had added years to his face, and his shoulders were bowed like an old man on whom the burden of life had weighed overhard. His look of silent, hopeless despair was infinitely more heart-rending than any violent ebullition of grief would have been.

One might almost have thought there was a mingling of resignation with his sorrow—until he raised his eyes to Franklin York's, and then there could be read the steady gleam of an undying resolve, the fire of an avenging spirit, which had changed the gentle scholar into a man of steel and set and deadly purpose.

York became aware with somewhat of a shock that the individual with whom Dyrast stood was Paul Hildreth—but it was a different Paul than his caller of the day before. His pale face was set in stern, grim lines, but his eyes were iron, his expression, his constant, hurried, self-conscious motions betokened the nervous tension under which he was laboring. Undoubtedly he, too, had seen the lightly veiled, significant allusion to himself in the newspaper that morning, and was waiting with what composure he could muster for the blow to fall.

York felt a sudden, inexplicable wave of sympathy flow over him for the man in his peculiar predicament. Though he had thwarted him, despised his dignity and bearing, commanded respect, and, too, his personality was distinctly likable.

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

HUNT CLUB HONORS TAKEN BY VIRGINIAN

Julian Morris' Entry Takes First Prize in Laurel Fair Competition.

Red-coated riders and high-stepping steeds gave color to the closing day of the Maryland State Fair at Laurel, yesterday. The Corinthian event, open to hunters, and the event for hunt clubs were the two features of the afternoon.

Stronheart, H. L. Houghton's black gelding, carried off the honors in the Corinthian, with a prize of \$50. Stronheart has been a consistent winner at the Laurel show. Julian Morris' division took second honors, and his Merry Xmas carried off third honors.

Yorkshire, a bay gelding, owned by M. J. Brown, must defend victory in action brought by attorney general, Elizabeth, offered today by Arthur L. Walker.

Providence—Annual pension of half pay and \$400 will be awarded any member of Brown University faculty in service twenty-five years and eligible for retirement.

Nashville—George Peabody College for Teachers has raised last \$5,000 of million on raising of which depended gift of \$500,000 by Peabody board.

Chicago—Grafton Stevens, Wilmette, and wife, burned to death seeking to save pet dog.

Petersburg, N. J.—Angelo Bisello blown to fragments; Max Fine fatally injured when powder works at Haskell got up in explosion.

Newburgh, N. J.—Having failed to fix crime on one man, another, Benjamin Lucino, is now charged with shooting Game Warden Reinhold.

Montclair, N. J.—The Rev. Diavelly S. Palmer, retiring clergyman, is given full year's salary, \$4,000, and allowance for one year's rectory rent.

Patterson, N. J.—A sleep in shed, half dead from cold, Marshall and Morris, killed, ten and twelve, sent to poor farm, mother being dead, father in jail.

Clifton—Six new cases of diphtheria, making fifty-five altogether, in the township. Pay and Sunday schools closed.

Panama, N. J.—Flight from docked, Chief of Police Henry on guard. No boxing bouts hereafter.

Middletown, Conn.—Prof. William C. Fisher, formerly of Wesleyan, appointed to chair of economics at Harvard.

Yonkers, N. Y.—Policeman James Nolan, sixty-five, rounding off thirty.

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Hallowe'en and Fate



BLINDFOLDED, wrists bound together, neither knowing who the other is, a man and a maid walk into the garden to pluck, each, a plant of kale. It will foretell their future. For five hundred years this has been the opening ceremony of Halloween, the night when witches, elves, banshees from the vasty deeps, goblins and devils, imps and fairies walk abroad. Magic is abroad and fates are revealed:

Telegraph Briefs

Albany—Former Secretary of State John F. O'Brien and George C. Kellogg, Plattsburg, must defend civil action brought by attorney general, Elizabeth, offered today by Arthur L. Walker.

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A. O. H. to Hold Rally In Georgetown Hall

In connection with its regular meeting tomorrow, November 2, the A. O. H. will hold a big rally at Georgetown Hall, thirty-second and M streets, Georgetown. This is one of the largest Hibernian divisions in the District. An invitation to all the members and their friends to be present has been issued.

Among the speakers of the afternoon will be Congressman Keating of Colorado; Father Maguire, S. J. of St. Aloysius Church; P. T. Moran, national director of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the first president of Division No. 1, E. J. Hart, and others.

Joseph Daly, the president of the division, will be in charge of the meeting, and announces that the speechmaking will be supplemented by songs and musical numbers. Refreshments will be served.

The opening of the winter season of the Germania Club, one of the city's best known German organizations, took place last night at the Loewman, when, in the presence of an audience that fairly packed the hall, addresses were made and a musical program given. It was one of the biggest meetings the club has held in several months. Besides the musical program, a buffet luncheon was served.

O. G. Sonneck, chief of the music department of the Library of Congress, and president of the club, who is an authority on musical matters, delivered an address on "German Influence on Musical Life in America." The lecture was the feature of the evening. Following this, there was a general discussion of the subject.

Selections from the Victrola were given by Carl A. Droop.

Announcement was made that a general meeting of the club will be held November 14, at which new officers will be elected.

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RUB RHEUMATISM PAIN RIGHT OUT

Instant relief with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil"

What's rheumatism? Pain only. Stop druging! Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" directly upon the "tender spot," and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure, which cannot burn the skin.

Linger up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle from your druggist, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief and a cure awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, backache, sprains—Advt.

AMUSEMENTS

NATIONAL—Tonight at 8:15. Last Time. Klaw & Erlanger present.

T POOR LITTLE HERICH GIRL. Direct from months' run at Hudson Theater. New York.

NEXT WEEK—Matinee and Evening. Klaw & Erlanger present.

ROBERT HILLIARD. In the Great Detective Play, "THE ARMOY CASE."

LES MISERABLES. Victor Hugo's master piece realistically portrayed in art motion pictures.

BELASCO—Tonight, 8 p.m. Tomorrow, 3 p.m. E. H. SOTHERN. JULIA MARLOWE.

Today matinee—As You Like It. Tonight—Hamlet.

NEXT WEEK—SEATS NOW. OLIVER MOROSCO Presents.

PEG O' MY HEART. By J. Hartley Manner. The Biggest Comedy Success in Town.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 4. MAIL ORDERS RECEIVED NOW FOR SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.

COLUMBIA—Tonight at 8:15. Saturday at 8:15. Mabel Edith TALIAFERRO.

YOUNG WISDOM. New Broadway Comedy. Klaw & Erlanger's Massive Production.

NEXT WEEK—Seeds Now Sowing.

MAY ROBSON